

## The World.

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## DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL



If these new plays are so wicked and debasing why does not Chief Devery station a policeman at the door to warn people off, as he does in the case of Melodrama and other dive-keepers?

## SPEAKING OF WOMAN'S TEARS.

READERS who followed The Evening World's reports of Mrs. Weeks' late speech in the Molnux trial were powerfully moved, beyond doubt, by the lawyer's masterly periods and word pictures. But they must have been even more strongly affected as they read of the tears shed by the young wife of the prisoner. Mrs. Molnux wept for the man she loves—the man whose life is in the balance. In the heart of one witnessing or reading of her wifely grief the hope inevitably springs that this young prisoner, accused of dreadful crime, yet the evident object of a woman's whole affection, might at least for her sake be found worthy of freedom.

A woman's tears! Like the rain, they fall for the just and the unjust! What Roland Molnux may not owe to them in the end of things, who can tell?

Since the sun first began to shine by day and the stars by night there has been no purer, better, mightier form of baptism than that administered by woman with her tears. Through this sacred rite all the ages have had braver soldiers, sweeter-singing poets, truer lovers, more earnest workers. The human nature that does not experience a fine sense of dedication when an earnest woman weeps over its trials or perils is scarcely worth cultivation.

Of course, when you left home, in your younger days, and started to carve out for yourself a slice of the world's great living, you said to yourself that the fond, foolish mother who kissed you good-by was silly with her tears. Nevertheless, you felt a swelling of your heart and a moisture of your eyes which ended in a manly determination always to be worthy of a good woman's weeping. Whether you have stayed worthy or not is not to the point. A mother's tears are still effective with the boys who leave home, and will be so while there are homes to leave.

Perhaps you have quit your house in uneasy anger of a morning when you have experienced a shower of what you consider the unreasonable tears of the wife to whom has come some small denial. Heaven knows there is a frequent waste of tears in the domestic emergency! But you may as well confess at one time as at another that those tears have trickled between your mind and the day's business, until, in pure self-defense, you have been forced to plan a form of graceful compromise and conciliation.

Women have abused, and will and do abuse the power that is theirs for the weeping. Thus Samson's wife wept before him when she would wheedle from him the answer to his riddle, which the multitude sought. They have used their power for artificial ends, as Clara Morris first made herself a noted actress by shedding real tears on the stage.

They have made their tears illogical, tyrannical and aggravating. They have laid themselves liable to the tribute exacted by certain humorous writers who get a lot of rather exclusive fun out of gushing sisters, teasing wives, sentimental mothers and sensitive mothers-in-law. But, with all its misuses, its sometime intrusiveness and obtrusiveness, the tear feminine has retained its strength to influence the lives and acts of men. He who thinks to the contrary can stir up practical evidence to the contrary in his own household, at almost any moment, with a degree of effort proportionate to the case in hand.

Probably you remember the poet's song of the soldier who lay dying in Algiers. First to the soldier's mind in the wretched state of the wounded man were the "lack of woman's nursing" and "the death of woman's tears." And to all men everywhere the same death and the same lacking will ever come with the same depressing force. It doesn't take a battle-field to demonstrate this fact. When woman gets to the point where she has made her a goddess on earth will have gone out. When man finds himself no longer proud, when he is moved in that he goes out into the world to a mother's weeping, into battle nervousness, into tears and down to death softens, and is called by a wife's brave restraint of tears when we may question whether it is all to ensure that the fight survives.

When you go to Cuba to train will you be up at 10 o'clock on the 10th of June then it

## The Father's Example.

Honor your wife in the presence of the children. Remember the performing of this gracious duty will deeply influence the life and character of the child.

WHENEVER I see a lad rude to his mother the sad thought invariably comes to my mind: "Does her husband love her? Has he set the right example of reverence before the boy?"

If not, the grave fault lies at his door. The atmosphere of a household has everything to do with the development of its inmates, and one need not expect to find true, loyal and loving children brought up under the influence of irascible or bickering parents.

Disputes should be carefully avoided in the presence of children, lest the evil crop of seeds sown in moments of unreason should take root in the child's heart, bringing forth in after years a harvest of noxious fruitage that is too strong and deep-rooted to be eradicated.

No matter how deep the resentment, silence is worth its weight in gold in many crises. When the passions are stirred with bitter anger many a hearty word is uttered that time will never entirely wipe out from memory's page without leaving a blot, no matter how sincere the after-regret may be.

Calmness in critical situations should be cultivated, for it will prove in the end a shield not to be despaired.

Never forget that the child is looking on curiously to note which one conquers in the wordy war.

He may have no say in the matter, but quite as soon as he is able to comprehend he is sure to

## BUTTERFLIES ARE KEPT AS PETS.



"Butterflies as pets? Yes, it sounds strange, does it not?" said a lover of insects recently. "But I know of several persons who have kept them for weeks. One woman of my acquaintance fed her delicate-winged pet on sugar and water and the effect was disastrous; the poor little butterfly became intoxicated."

MILLIONS OF MEN UNDER ARMS. A French statistician states that the total number of men permanently under arms is 4,550,000. If universal war broke out there would be 4,550,000 men ready to take up arms at once. Placed in one line the soldiers of the world could cover the equator right around the earth.

## JOHN RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO A GIRL.

MAY BATTEMAN in Black and White prints several letters received by her from John Ruskin when she was a child. Extracts from these are given, as well as a fac-simile of part of one of them written in 1883, to show the great aesthete's handwriting. These extracts are from four different letters:

"Darling Geraldine: Your letter's lovely, and I am so very glad you are reading Scott. Read very slowly, notice every word, and stop steadily at a given time and don't read a word more. There's as much heroism in stopping properly in a novel as in bearing pain."

"That question about favorite bits is really a very difficult one. But in general it is safest to resolve to read straight forward and carefully always. I have many favorite Passages and favorite chapters, and learn verses out of them rather than others, but I always read the Bible straight through, and as far as possible other books also—or else give them up altogether. But as soon as you have perfectly finished one Waverley you may buy another and need not wait till you are eighteen. And I should save money if I were you to buy the very best edition with the greatest of backs. I am greatly pleased by finding Sir John Lubbock's library here as gay as a painted window with beautiful bindings."

"What a lovely letter, but I've got to lecture to-day and can't answer a word, only don't you mind those blessed diamond mines of your wits too deep, and please observe, I should like you to be a little more like a cherry, and I'd be better kissing, and cherries only grow red in fresh air! Mind you get out as much as ever you can."

take sides with the one or the other.

Heaven pardon the parent who is responsible for such a state of affairs! A child sitting in judgment on the acts of one whom he should look up to in reverence and love!

It is cruel for a father to point out to a child that the mother whom God intended that he should reverse next to the angels has even one blemish in her disposition—one flaw in her judgment.

Honor your wife in the presence of the children.



NEVER FORGET THAT THE CHILD IS LOOKING ON.

Remember the performing of this gracious duty will deeply influence the life and character of the child. You must respect and revere the child's mother if you expect that child to revere you in the after years.

When children are grown to manhood and womanhood, think you they will have respect and filial love for the father who abused the dear mother who bore them? No! A thousand times no! Every such act committed stands out bold and dark against the father as a fit reason why he is not entitled to their courtesy or love.

When a father endeavors to induce a child to take sides against the mother who faced death to give him life, stood with brave feet on the brink of eternity's dark, rolling river, looking anxiously, mutely into God's face, who stood on the opposite shore, to see if He signalled her to come to Him or stay on earth yet a little while—and all for that child's sake, through the husband—I repeat that the husband who would turn that child's loyalty and love from that mother is worthy of the just anger of Almighty God.

## THIS MAN CAN PROLONG LIFE.



This is a picture of Prof. Metchnikoff, the Russian savant, in his laboratory. He claims to have discovered the secret of longevity and to have invented a serum which will enable men and women to live beyond one hundred years. His laboratory is in the

Pastour Institute, Paris. Metchnikoff looks like Prof. Charles de Meidit, of this city, philanthropist and mathematician, who has succeeded in squaring the circle.

COMPANIONS NOTES. Mrs. Jones—My husband is the light of my life. Mrs. Smith—So is mine. One of the kind that smokes and goes out nights.

A FEW LINES. Ida—Sometimes a few lines will cause a woman no end of worry. May—Yes; especially if they happen to be in her face.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Astringent Washes and Creams Are Injurious.

THE women who believe that a powerful astringent wash, or what at present is termed a skin tightener, will take the creases out of their faces, are on the wrong road and will not bring up at the Beauty Station. The effect of an astringent is to contract the tissues.

Women speak of using astringent lotions to contract the pores of the skin, as if that were a desirable effect to produce.

Now the truth is that wrinkles are caused by a deterioration of the tissues under the skin.

When these wrinkles are premature a slightly astringent cream or lotion may be used with possible benefit.

But the advantage of an astringent are so rarely recorded that as a general rule I think such preparations should be avoided.

With this exception: After a face treatment, which, if properly performed, opens the pores of the skin and thoroughly frees them of clogged secretions, if the subject must for any reason be exposed to the dust and foreign substances out of doors, then a mild astringent is necessary.

Oh, please your wives while you have them, good husbands! You will never have any friend like her, though you make thousands.

mother has been called home to heaven.

Oh, prize your wives while you have them, good husbands! You will never have any friend like her, though you make thousands.

She may not flatter you and strive to please your vanity; she may tell you solid truths and warn you of dangers, and keep to herself how dearly you loved you—even though the first blush of youth has faded; aye, and maturity has settled into that rut which is the beginning of old age; but there is no one this side of heaven who has your well-being so much at heart.

Surely all men should know the truth of this from their own experience, no matter how far they have roamed from the home nest. They have always loved to look back and think of the mother awaiting them there, whose love for them never changed; no matter how cold and harsh the world used them; no matter how many ups and downs they had in life.

Their memory of her is the bright, sunny spot in their tempest-tossed lives. They are kind and chivalrous to all women for her sake, and when they marry they are sure to treat their wives kindly and considerately, remembering the example of a noble father who did not err in this respect in the performance of his loving duty.

Living, aye, and in dying, there will rise before him the memory of that beautiful, holy vision he remembers as "Mother!"

How much, then, rests with the husband and father to work results of good—or evil!

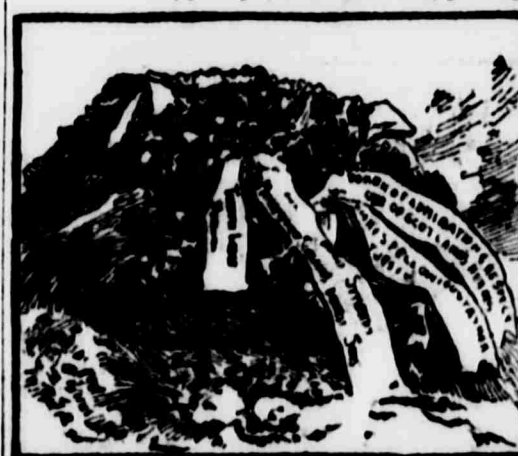
Mrs. Libbey Writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

## THE GIRL I LOVE.

THE girl I love is young and fair, And talented, and full of grace, With mental charms that far outweigh The varied beauty of her face. She's wise, discreet in word and deed, And sweet and gentle are her ways. Of all who know her every one Must speak of her in words of praise.

The girl I love is fond and true And tender, and her thoughts are pure. When once she gives her heart and hand, Her love is certain to endure. She is a paragon, in short, Her only fault that I can see (And that I cannot blame her for) Is that she doesn't care for me!

## GEN. WAUCHOPE'S GRAVE AT MAGERSPONTAIN.



Gen. Wauchope was first buried in the field beside the man who fell with him in the battle of Magerfontein. Later his body was transferred to a private cemetery. This picture is from the London Graphic.

A GREAT MIND. Fear!—Would you wed a man of muscle or a man of brain? Ruby—Well, it would be difficult to decide. A man of muscle could chop up a beefsteak, but a man of brains could solve where the beefsteak was to come from.

## THE DAY'S LOVE STORY

## SHE WAS ANOTHER'S WIFE.

"A BEASTLY state of affairs, and no way out of it that I can see." Richard Easton read for the third time the letter in his hand.

"I almost wish that I had never agreed to become guardian for his daughter, but then—poor Hastings! I always was a sort of backbone for him when he needed me, and he did often, and now it is his daughter. I wonder if she is the same haughty creature I knew while she was a school girl. Let me see; I believe she was of the red-haired, freckled type, and a most terrible voice, shrill and rapid."

Well, at any rate he had three days of grace; she did not arrive until the 10th.

"Lady to see you, sir," said "my, laying a card



## "I HAVE BEEN MARRIED SIX MONTHS."

on his desk. And Easton gazed in speechless surprise at the lady who entered.

Gone were the abundant brown tresses, and gone the flaming red hair.

Easton flushed guiltily as he studied the sweet face. "Excuse me," he said, "I did not expect you had changed so much."

"Am I so different?" she smiled. "Time passed rapidly through the months since Hastings' arrival in New York, and Easton grew much disturbed by the fact that he missed her when she did not call often at his office. He did not admit that he was in love—men of his type were not given to such things. And yet the fact that she allowed him of the chape to pay her attention gave him quantities of comfort."

Standing in the ballroom of the hotel he watched eagerly for her. Crowds of pretty girls—some of whom he passed before him, but until a beauty group upon his arm aroused him he dreamed on.

"By Jove! it's Chapin," he said, as the group smiled into his. "Looking fine, old boy. Just what you need."

"Thanks, yes," said Chapin; "but yes, Easton—when you are looking fearfully used up. What is wrong?"

"Well, I am such a fool," Easton began, "when I am in love."

"In love?" and Chapin fairly roared. "Why, Christine, of course," and had Easton been looking at Chapin instead of at the black curls in the flower jars he would have seen Chapin grow deadly pale and making a frantic effort to say something.

"Oh, I say, Easton, old fellow," he said, grasping the hand on the flower jar. "It was a mean thing to do, not to have told you before, but Christine wanted it kept a secret until I had finished my last year in Harvard."

Easton started at Chapin as if trying to understand. "What the deuce has Christine got to do with you?"

"Nothing," said Chapin, "only we—what is, Christine and I have been married six months."

Letters TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Scores Book-Burners. To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to Horace J. Fiske, who strident his own to read fiction and burn his books, I should say, if he had any of the smartness he boasts of, he would not destroy his boy's books, when he reads them from which he can learn and become a useful citizen, instead of running around the streets at night, a hoodlum and corner robber. The street is a very poor place for children in the daytime and a very bad school as places. He had better replace his boy's books and buy him others, or let his boy buy them for himself, as I do not think he (the father) would have sense enough, even if he was "smart as a steel trap" (as he says), to select reading matter for any child of fourteen.

M. G. G.

To Help War Heroes. To the Editor of The Evening World: What's the matter with an appeal to the Legislature for the men who served during the late war? There are several men walking the streets of New York who have served this country and who had good jobs and gave them up. But it is impossible for them to get them back. So I think it would be a good thing to help these poor unfortunate by trying to have it bill passed giving them the same preference as the veterans of the civil war in the civil-service examinations.

MORAL VETERAN.

Advice to a Would-Be College Man. To the Editor of The Evening World: In reply to J. B. who wants information about college, I would suggest this: In the first place he must have nearly finished the Rutgers examination. A certificate thus gained will admit him to a medical or law school, but will not be accepted in lieu of entrance examinations to the freshman class in any reputable college that I know of. In the second place he says that his parents are poor. Individually, he is to be commended for his desire to further his knowledge, but will find himself slightly handicapped by poverty.

A fellow who wants to do good work should have recreation, good food and be free from all outside worry. Now, Mr. B. B., think it over. I don't mean to discourage you because I have been fortunate enough to have the opportunities which you have not, but because I have seen just such cases as yours time and time again and can realize your dream of success.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

"That Man Len Broughton." To the Editor of The Evening World: I was much pleased with your editorial regarding that man Len Broughton, a so-called "revivalist," but what he can "revive" by his questionable methods I can't quite see. JOHN BOGLESTON, Astor House.

THE BANE OF CIVILIZATION. Mrs. Hastings—My son Jerry is getting to be a rather mechanical genius.

Mrs. Constant—Dew tell! What's he been a-fer now?

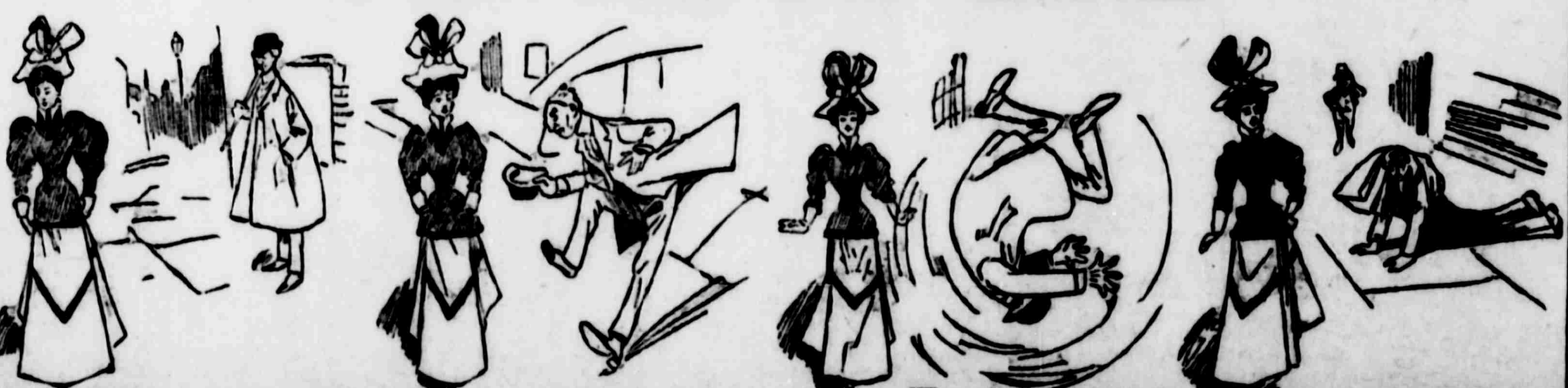
Mrs. Hastings—Why, he's gone on' made a thing out of the old hand-axe he's got enough of now.

CHUCKER—What! Why that's the pretty girl that had her pocket picked in Union Square this morning. You'll buy a— But just at that moment his hat caught on a bit of orange peel.

And in an astonishing short space of time he had performed three distinct and different acrobatic feats, ending with a most extraordinary somersault.

And the crowd got wild, as she tripped on her way, and when she wanted the services of a street sweeper to clean up the mess.

## HE WASN'T AS SLICK AS THE ORANGE PEEL.



Chuckler—What! Why that's the pretty girl that had her pocket picked in Union Square this morning. You'll buy a— But just at that moment his hat caught on a bit of orange peel.

"I beg pardon, miss, but can I be of any service to you?" I'm a— But just at that moment his hat caught on a bit of orange peel.

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And the crowd got wild, as she tripped on her way, and when she wanted the services of a street sweeper to clean up the mess.